

OFFERINGS OF THE POETS

"I did so, and mentioned my uncle.
"You're one of the right sort if you are
like him. If I only had him here this minute.
See here, sir; will you help a dying
man to do a righteous act with no profit to
yourself, and the chance of some danger?"
"If it will not interfere with my duty to
my employers, I will."
"You shall decide for yourself. Years

spectacle of Wretchedness I ever beheld. He stayed there only out of sheer inability to rise from his seat, looking out from his railway rug with a ghastly green face that got greener when he looked at me and saw I was enjoying myself. Poor beggar: I knew how he felt, and tried not to be ostentatiously jolly. Presently, however, a car took me¹ unawares and threw me down on the seat beside him, while my fa-

seemed heavier than I, but I was
singer and desperate. I felt that if he
he got the better of me I knew what
expect.
The other man—what was he doing? An
complice?
My foot slipped and I fell sideways on the
st, while my adversary wrenched his
and free.
"Help!" I cried at last. "Help!" Don't
in co

ly further excited the farmers. "My antique shop in the city is well filled with these old-fashioned clocks, unless the workmanship on the case is usually good, or the clock is historically valuable, they may be bought for low prices. The supply caught up with the demand several years ago, when clock makers found a profitable opening in intertelling such clocks, county, age and train no house, last we neral b the cars a bal 1895 equ

Georgia, who is eighty years of
has never ridden on a railroad
taken a meal at any kind of public
his son died in an adjoining town
and he refused to attend his fu-
neral he would have to ride on

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